# just wanted you to look by boltplum

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)
**Genre:** Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Come Eating, Dubious Consent, Enemies to Lovers, First Kiss, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Period Typical Attitudes, Rough Oral Sex, Rough Sex, Season/Series 02, The Fight Scene, but make it sexier, the fight scene but make it sexier
**Language:** English
**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things)
**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
**Status:** Completed
**Published:** 2021-05-14
**Updated:** 2021-05-14
**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 00:55:59
**Rating:** Explicit
**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
**Chapters:** 1
**Words:** 3,629
**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org
**Summary:**

Billy reaches out, jabs a finger under Steve's chin to get his mouth closed. It works, if only out of surprise.

"Beg, pretty boy." He holds Steve's chin. His thumb strokes his cheek, pinches the skin some. Steve wants to bite his finger off. "Then maybe I won't break your ass in two. Maybe I won't give everybody a reminder of what it means to lie to me, every time they look at what used to be pretty boy, King Steve Harrington. King of the cow shit."

For the kids, Steve tells himself. Over and over again.

Otherwise he'll do something he'll probably regret.

"Please, Billy," he grits out. "Please leave. Your sister is safe here, I promise. I'll do whatever you want."

# just wanted you to look

**Author's Note:**

> Another old fic from my defunct account originally posted on 06/22/2020.

He's got to protect the kids.

He only just met Max but he believes her when she says her brother will kill her. Kill them. Believes her when he looks out the window and sees Billy Hargrove's midnight blue Camaro. All threat and danger. Promise.

He's gotta protect them. Keep them safe. Preserve the mission.

That's the only thought in his head when he goes out to meet him. And yeah, it's kind of weird to expect the Byers and get the guy you've spent all week haranguing instead.

Billy says something, throw away. Words all sweet but delivered on the licked edge of a might as well be forked tongue. There's something off about the guy tonight. At least, more than usual.

Steve says something equally easy back. Throw away quick. Jokes. Makes the guy laugh all wrong.

Up close, Steve thinks the guy looks deranged. Since he moved to town, Billy's been all bluster, drunken bravado, or tasteless jokes. Fits right in with Tommy and his crowd. With Steve's old crowd. Every time Billy Hargrove opens his mouth Steve internally winces, wonders if he used to be as bad as this guy.

But Billy's always been steady. Not wild eyed or off kilter like he seems. He wants to really ask if the guy snorted a line before he drove here, but with the way he's clearly looking to root out a fight like a good truffle, it might just be enough to tip him over the edge.

Animalistic is what Steve's thinking when Billy starts towards him, wanting blood, wanting bone. The spark in his eyes when he points to Max in the window is the magma at the pit of a volcano. Mount

Pelee two-point-oh, Hargrove edition. He'll go nuclear. Suffocate them in whatever black and bubbling wrath is barely hidden behind his eyes.

Steve dodges the shove. He instead moves with it. Leaf on a breeze. He twists his hands in Billy's open red dress shirt, and holds on for all he's worth. Billy shakes him like a rain stick.

"The hell bright idea you got cooking, Harrington? Locking my stepsister up with a bunch of boys? What the fuck is this, huh?" Spit flecks Steve's face as Billy pulls him in close. Too close. The blue of his eyes is swallowed by anger-rich black. "You pulling some funny business?"

"No. No, it's really not what it looks like. This is, uh. A school project. Project for AV club, you know? The kids, they love that radio-television shit. I'm just the babysitter."

Billy jerks him upright, gets him off the ground for an instant while Steve palms at Billy's arms, his chest, momentarily frantic for purchase. He knew Billy was cut, but Jesus.

"I don't give second tries too often. Make it count," Billy hisses out, low and vile.

Maybe Max was right after all.

"It's nerd club stuff, man," he tries. "I swear."

Billy's eyes narrow. "I don't buy it. I knew I shoulda kicked your shit in the second I saw you, *King* Steve. Some king you are. Prowling around at somebody else's joint, keeping kids for weird shit? I—"

Steve finds some ground, pushes forward. Gets Billy cornered against the Camaro's door.

"I really look like I'd be such a freak, huh? This isn't *that*. Christ. What the fuck, Billy?"

Billy seems to sit on his words, contemplating. Then he rears back, grins, and headbutts Steve in the nose. He starts bleeding almost instantly, he can feel it. He grunts and hisses when Billy starts

struggling against his hold but Steve doesn't let him go.

Then Billy knees him in the balls, and honestly? Fuck him. His sniffs thick blood and spits it back out on the ground.

Steve regains some modicum of composure while Billy laughs, delighted, as he stumbles backward. It's a breath of air. A beat. Then Steve's battling on, trying to fight off Billy's swatting fast fists. Billy switches gears on him mid hit and gets Steve's collar fisted in his hands, then he's throwing him bodily to the ground.

The breath gets knocked from him. He coughs, squinting up at Billy, pained.

"Wait—" Steve raises a hand. Billy hesitates. "Hold on a second." Steve hacks out a lung while he gets to standing again. He holds his side as he jerks a thumb back at the kids watching from the window. "Listen. I'll do whatever you want, okay? Just like, get out of here?" He knuckles his nose. Some blood. Not much. Nothing broken.

Nostrils flaring, eyes all fire, Billy starts to argue.

"I'll drop Max off later, okay? Just give me a break here. I'll do whatever, promise."

Billy considers him. Snaps his shirt free of imaginary scuffs. "You're telling me to scram, Harrington?"

Steve nods seriously.

Billy's lip curls. "On one condition."

He sighs, frustrated and hurting and out of patience. "God, what?"

"Beg."

"What—"

"You want to give me a good enough reason not to pry your eyes outta your skull tonight, you get on your knees," Billy tells him, low and pointed, "and beg."

Steve glances back at the kids. Back to Billy.

Fuck.

Steve swallows his pride for the hundredth time in the last year. Gets on his knees. It's slow, stilted. Feels uncoordinated, like he somehow forgot how to use his legs.

Billy's smirking down his nose at him. Smug and beyond pleased. Egotistical fuck.

Steve holds his arms up wide. "Okay."

"Say please. Beg me to let you do whatever I ask of you."

"Oh my God, *Billy*—"

Billy reaches out, jabs a finger under Steve's chin to get his mouth closed. It works, if only out of surprise.

"Beg, pretty boy." He holds Steve's chin. His thumb strokes his cheek, pinches the skin some. Steve wants to bite his finger off. "Then maybe I won't break your ass in two. Maybe I won't give everybody a reminder of what it means to lie to me, every time they look at what used to be pretty boy, King Steve Harrington. King of the cow shit."

For the kids, Steve tells himself. Over and over again.

Otherwise he'll do something he'll probably regret.

"Please, Billy," he grits out. "Please leave. Your sister is safe here, I promise. I'll do whatever you want."

Billy hasn't let go of his face.

"Billy?" He sighs, frowning. Feels it pull at Billy's grip on him. From where he is, kneeling on his feet, he can smell a vague hint of cologne. "That good enough or what."

"One more time," he says, licking his lips. "Say please one more time."

Billy's thumb stutters against his chin, just under his lower lip. His

grip is firm, warm. Demanding.

"Please, Billy," Steve breathes out.

Billy's thumb bumps his lip, pulls at it a little. Falls away.

"Okay."

And just like that Billy is turning away, heading for the house. Steve spins and scrambles after him, not sure what he's thinking. If what Steve just did was for nothing. As he makes it to the living room, Steve hot on his heels, he points at where Max and the kids still watch, eyes bugging out.

"You fuckers better keep it high and tight in here. Harrington's bringing you home soon as your little midnight nerd run is over. It's not my ass on the line, you hear me, Maxine?"

Maxine nods viciously.

Billy clamps a steel grip around his arm, tugging him forward. "Harrington and I are going to have a little talk. Anybody so much as gets near us is going to have me to answer to."

Billy gives them all that manic, lip licking grin-turned-glower. It has the kids quiet, probably scared out of their heads. They all nod.

"Good."

Steve sighs, sagging. Then Billy's shoving him towards the hall. He finds what Steve thinks is Jonathan's bedroom and slams the door behind them. Locks it.

Okay. So, weird.

But it hardly matters what he's promised Billy Hargrove.

He's just gotta protect the kids.

Just have to get through the night.

"Okay, get it over with. Punch my lights out or whatever. Just...wait,

do you smell skunk?"

Billy sniffs. Glances around the room. "That Byers freak smokes grass, who cares?"

Steve shrugs.

Billy drags his eyes up and down Steve's body. Slow and roaming, like tracking game in the woods. Sizing him up for the final shot. He steps into Steve's bubble of personal space. Gets a palm rough over the center of his chest. Shoves him back once, twice, until he lands with a bounce on Jonathan's bed.

"You a fag, Harrington?"

A laugh bubbles out of him. A pop. "What kind of game is this, Hargrove?"

"My name. My name's Billy."

"Hargrove—"

"You said you'd do whatever I want. First, that means calling me Billy."

"Then call me Steve," he huffs, incredulous. Insulted. Pissed off.

Billy's grin comes back, a little less crazed than before. "No. Don't think I will."

"Okay. Okay, I think you've made your point. I'm—" He starts to stand, but Billy plants a hand on his shoulder. Keeps him seated. He's standing between Steve's legs, and a knee bumps his thigh forcing it wider. His stomach swoops. "What the hell is this, man?" It comes out too quiet. Afraid, maybe.

Billy's hand moves from his shoulder to the back of his neck. Warmth clings in its wake.

Then Billy's kicking his legs wider, and falling to his knees. Only does it in a deliberate, quiet way.

Then his hands are at Steve's fly and he's got his jeans half down his thighs and farther before Steve's brain kicks back to life.

He grabs at his jeans. Tugs them up against Billy's own pulling hands. He frowns up at Steve.

"What are you *doing*?" Steve hisses, eyes flitting to the door. The locked door.

"What's it look like?" Billy asks, nonchalant. And then keeps tugging until he rips them away from Steve. Gets his pants around his ankles. Gets them totally off and on the floor. "Wear tighter jeans maybe?" he says, eyes laughing.

Then Billy's going for his underwear, and Steve slaps Billy on the cheek. Hard. It rings in the quiet.

Billy just, smiles at him. Soft. Knowing. Like he has a secret Steve doesn't. He pulls those off too.

"Knew it," Billy all but murmurs.

Steve glances down, half afraid to see what he'll find. He groans when Billy cups him, balls and all. He's already half hard, getting harder. Billy squeezes his flesh before drawing a fist tight around his dick, stroking soft and gentle until he's straining. A pulse throbs deep in the pit of his stomach and Steve has to shut his eyes after seeing how he dribbles a little over Billy's fingers.

"Fucking knew you were queer for me, Harrington," Billy says just as softly, and sucks him down. Gets to the root in two pulls. A feat, really. Steve gasps, thrusts. Hits the back of Billy's throat. He hums deep. Steve feels it flutter around him.

Billy grabs at his hips, his ass. Drags him as close as possible. Gets him deep, probably too deep. Contrary to all outward appearances, Steve doesn't actually want to kill the guy. And especially not by choking him on his dick.

Because, like, that's just embarrassing? Right?

Billy hums, more fluttering. He pulls off until just the head stretches

his pink lips. They're soft and slick and he's drooling a little, after just that. Steve feels feverish. Sick to his stomach. Feels he might come at any moment. And honestly, Billy deserves no warning.

He gets a hand in Billy's hair, tearing hard until he's forcing Billy back on his cock. Billy laughs around him. Billy squeezes his ass, gets him even deeper down his throat.

And, Christ. Yeah, yeah it's good.

Maybe he is a little queer.

And if this is what Billy meant when he wanted Steve to do whatever he asked for? He's okay with it. Like, more than okay.

Billy gives sloppy head. Makes an absolute mess. Gets saliva all dripping down around his own chin, his lips, down Steve's cock, in his pubes. Gets him soaked through, staining the hem of his shirt.

Steve can't catch his breath. Is going to bite his tongue in half trying to keep quiet because of how good it feels. How good Billy is at this. He's too hot. He's burning up. Billy's burning him up alive. He lets Billy's curls slide free of his fingers to rip his own jacket off, his shirt going next.

Billy blinks his eyes open, slides them up Steve's bare torso. He moans when he sees what he's done. A hand leaves Steve's ass to run up his ribs, his chest, gets a nipple between two fingers and pinches at it.

Steve bucks and hits the back of his throat again. Billy gags and leaves off gasping, laughing lightly. He keeps pumping him. Gets the foreskin pulled down far, too far, then back up again. A relief just this side of painful. Billy leans over him and spits over the slit, rubs it around the head.

"You a queer yet?" Billy asks over the wet slick smack of skin. "Look like one to me."

Steve rolls his eyes. "Man, shut up. Look who's talking."

"You think I'm a faggot, pretty boy?" Billy asks him in that same

knowing tone. He sinks back down, slips the spit slick head between his teeth. Drags them up in a barely there touch, a sting.

Steve pushes at his shoulders. Gets him to back off completely. "Christ, teeth? Really?"

"Shut up. Gotta be quieter." Then Billy's standing and whipping off his belt, undoing his own fly. He's not wearing anything underneath when they join the mess of discarded clothes on the floor. His barely buttoned shirt joins the pile next. Billy's all tan, smooth skin. "You want the nerds to catch on?"

Steve's stomach swoops again, a terrifying dip dive drowning. He swallows painfully hard. Can't tear his eyes away from how hard and thick Billy is, swinging at eye level. Billy squeezes himself at the base before grabbing at Steve's thighs. Hauls him up the bed so forcefully that Steve has to catch himself from tumbling backward. Billy's dick bumps his and he bites his lip to keep the noise down, trapped in his throat where it belongs. Why does it feel so good?

Billy hums, pleased as punch. He tweaks Steve's nipples until they're peaked and sore. Steve just, lets him. Why's he letting him?

Billy's just looking down at him. Keeps licking his lips. Like he's parched or something. Steve wants to ask if he needs a glass of water. Wants to tell him to hurry up. Hurry up to what? He doesn't know. But he can guess. Why else would Billy be standing between his legs like he is, looking hungry, starved, eager. It's the eagerness that stops him short.

Billy's fingers wander over his stomach, the flex of what little is there to show of his abs. He lingers over every mole before dipping down, scratching through the hair at his groin. Then he's skirting his dick and balls and dipping down, straight between his legs. Where he's the hottest all of a sudden. Too hot. Billy presses against his hole, barely any pressure at all. And why? For what?

He can't possibly—

Then Billy's grunting, climbing up and over Steve. Settling into a straddle, thick thighs on either side of his waist. And Billy's got his

own fingers in his mouth, licking them, sucking them. And Steve watches them vanish behind him, and he watches Billy suck in a sharp breath, and he watches Billy watch *him*, eyes dark and hooded and face flushed pretty. Too pretty for a guy like Billy Hargrove.

Steve traces the pleasure sparking over Billy's face. The wobble of his brows, the panting of his parted lips, the flex of tendons in his throat and the sheen of sweat over his chest. Steve gets curious. Gets brave. Touches Billy's pecs, squeezes them. Feels Billy give him some of his weight as he leans into the touch. As he breathes out something that sounds delicious, unknown. Sounds like a name. Sounds like *Steve*.

Billy wraps his free hand around Steve's still straining erection. Gets himself hovering above it, a promise. Still terrifying. Not totally unfamiliar. But the way Steve moves to steady Billy with a hand on his hip, thumb rubbing soothing circles as Billy lowers himself onto Steve's cock—that's both new and known. It's so tight, stars bloom behind his eyes. He can't keep the moan he lets out locked away.

Billy falls on top of him, and Steve worries for a moment he's done something wrong. Hurt him in some way. He rolls his hips up, moans again, moans deeper and probably much too loudly when those slick, flushed lips cover his own. When a tongue he's seen waggle its way around Hawkins shoves inside his mouth. He drinks Billy down and wants more, and that's the scary part. More scary than any of the rest.

Then Billy's inches away. Blue swallowed up and shining. "Shut the fuck up, Harrington."

"Make me," he says, and slams his hips up. Billy swears, forehead hitting Steve's.

They meet each other in the middle. It's easy to build a pace, a rhythm. It's the worst thing Steve's ever done, and the best he's ever felt.

Billy's hard and rutting against his stomach with every thrust. He's leaking, making Steve's stomach sticky. And they're doing this on Jonathan Byers' *bed* for fuck's sake. The room's gonna stink like sex. Like Billy's cologne, and Steve's hair product.

Steve groans and flips Billy over. Lands heavy on top of him, drives deep inside. Makes Billy bite his lip so hard Steve sees the indents. He grips Billy's thighs and holds him close. Wants Billy to feel it. Feel it in his throat. Feel it when he walks after. Tomorrow. All week.

"Fuck you," he whispers against Billy's cheek. Billy smears his lips over Steve's, a laughing kiss. "Fuck, I can't even stand you."

He scratches down Steve's shoulders, digs bruises into his back. "Harder, pretty boy. Know you—" A hard thrust cuts him off. "Know you can do better than this."

Steve goes harder. Tries to, anyway. Billy wraps around him like he wants them to mold together. Steve sucks at his cheek, sloppy and dizzy. Finds an earlobe and sucks it between his teeth. Bites down hard.

Billy hisses out, "*Steve*!" And so he does it again. Gets his earring in his mouth and on his tongue. Pulls enough as a warning the same time he buries himself as deep as he can go. They're flush, hip and to hip. He moves in tiny circles and listens to all the tiny, almost silent cries Billy's letting free.

Warmth bursts slick between them, paints up Steve's stomach and chest. He can feel them sticking together with every tiny thrust. It's disgusting. The earring falls from his mouth as he finds Billy's again. Drinks down the sounds. Eats them whole. Sucks and bites on Billy's tongue as he comes. No warning, like he promised himself.

Billy's heaving underneath him. Is rubbing over Steve's shoulders. His legs are shaking, quivering in Steve's hands.

Shit. *Shit.*

He realizes he's breathing just as hard.

Billy's looking up at him. Just, looking again. He looks a lot. Observes a lot. Always fucking watching.

"Stop looking at me," Steve tells him, flushing. Embarrassed rather than ashamed. He doesn't know what he's feeling right now. "Billy, stop that."

A dark eyebrow ticks up. "Can you blame a guy for admiring how pretty you are, Harrington?"

It makes him flush. Makes his gut tumble.

Steve's still *inside* him, Jesus.

"I—"

Billy surges up. Kisses him. Kisses languid. Lazy. Simple. Something better suited for mornings after and not—whatever this was.

He bites playfully at Steve's upper lip. Lets it go. He wiggles his hips and Steve grits his teeth as he slides out. Warm slick follows after him.

"The poor *bed*."

Beneath him, Billy's eyes go wide. Then he's laughing. Bright and untroubled. He reaches down between them and brings his hand into view. Steve's spunk paints his fingers.

Then Billy's sucking them into his mouth. Steve's kind of grossed out. Totally is. His dick twitches against Billy's thigh. He can definitely feel that.

"I think I know now," Billy says, slipping his fingers from his mouth with a pop. His breath smells like come.

Steve regards him warily. Lifts up on his elbows to really look at him. "And what's that?"

Billy's eyes sparkle up at him, the blue returning.

"I know what I'll ask you to do for me."

And Billy just, fucking *grins*.

Steve rolls his eyes, using Billy's chest to push himself up and over, flopping down beside him.

"You mean all...*this*, whatever the hell *this* was...it wasn't that?"

"Had to test the waters."

"Uh huh."

"Knew you were a—"

"If you call me a fag one more time. I swear, Billy. This was all you."

Billy's hand slaps down between them, finds Steve's soft length. Tugs it once before letting it fall against his balls again. "Not *all* me. Know why they call you king, I guess."

"Billy—*Hargrove.* Why'd you do this?"

The hand travels to his side, pokes at his hand. He hooks three fingers against Steve's palm. If he didn't know any better, Steve would say it's an almost attempt at hand holding.

Billy shrugs beside him. "I just wanted you to look at me."

When Steve meets his eyes, Billy's already watching him.